

Monologue for Toni, Peenchy, Mr.Funch, Jace & Spade

Mr.Funch Flying solo

written by

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Monologue for Toni, Peenchy, Ms.Savage, & Daysia

"Auditions for Downtown"

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MR. FUNCH FLYING SOLO

(THE BELL FOR CLASS HAS JUST RANG, MS. SAVAGE IS OUT SICK)

PEENCHY

(sniffing the air, sarcastically, very dramatic) Uh-oh, Houston, we have a problem. Where's that smell coming from? Thine nose doth detect a hint of stank-de-toilet. No smells of beautiful, chanel no.5, obsession, (dropping to his knees, grabbing his chest, rolling around on the floor)

JACE

Hallelujah! Girlie done got ghost, raised up. You know when you come into the room and it smells of old spice hiding cigar smoke, Ms. Savage ain't here. My radar went up as soon as I entered the building.

JACE & SPADE

(together) Dee, dee, dee, dee, clown patrol!

SPADE

Gotta git that dirty, dirty, can ya'll really feel me?

MR. FUNCH

No but we can most surely fail you. Now do you feel me?

SPADE

Some people think its funny, but its really wet-n-runny its....

MR. FUNCH

25 percent of your daily grade for every word that you say after that. (turning to the class) Now, settle down boys and germs. As you can see, Ms.Savage is not here today, so that leaves me to suffer the consequences of introducing this years material. We'll start with....

Mr. Funch flying solo

2.

(C/O)

TONI

(loudly, interrupting Mr.Funch) To be, or not to be: that is the question:

Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, Or to take arms against a sea of troubles, And by opposing end them?...

PEENCHY

(Screaming the first 2 words, interrupting Toni, extremely over animated)

To die!!!!... to sleep; No more; and by a sleep to say we end The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation Devoutly to be wish'd.(taking Toni by the hand)

TONI

If you don't let go of my hand up in here lookin like beeker and smelling like oscar the grouch.

MR. FUNCH

(Weeping slightly) Children....Continue please,

JACE

(leaning over to Spade, whispering) Look at this big burly sissy. Who cries at Hamlet.

MR. FUNCH

Ace of spade!...

JACE & SPADE

Its Jace & Spade!...

MR. FUNCH

Suffer it to be so, One of you pick up where peter left off.

Mr. Funch flying solo

3.

(C/O)

JACE

You talkin bout dying? Sleepin? Purchance dreamin? Ay, all a sistah need is some of that rib-rub on a side of baby-backs on the grill for bout 45 minahs, and I'm fat, full and dreamin to death. Its about the ribs baby....its all about the ribs...

SPADE

And when thine sistah hath fallen into that deep sleep from the pork fat elevating her blood pressure,... from that swine that was burned by those hot mortal coils...coals, thou shalt pause...pay thine respects, and continue on with thou long life. For who would bear the whips and scorns of time...Not me playah, she dead.

PEENCHY

(Getting up off the floor) Okay, that was kinda dope, put ya'lls own little spin on Hamlet. (smiling, giving the girls dap)

MR. FUNCH

Yes, that was...as you say...dope. Now lets see if you can put your own spin on the curriculum in Saturday school.